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PROMISCUOUS POEMS

WILLSHIRE R. PETERS

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BY

REV. WILLSHIRE R. PETERS

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA.

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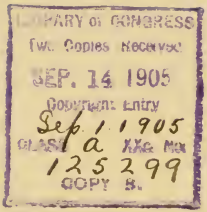

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BY
WILLSHIRE R. PETERS
NORFOLK, NEBRASKA

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PREFACE.

IN the humble path of duty
  I this book would start along;
While 'tis not a thing of beauty,
  Still it may inspire a song,

Start some other heart to singing
  Of life's triumphs, hopes and love,
Set the joy bells gladly ringing,
  Point some souls to heaven above.

If but this—some load it lighten
  For some weary burdened soul,
If some darkened life it brighten—
  Helping some to reach life's goal;

If its humble service given
  Helps some hearts to truly love,
If it makes of earth a heaven,
  Helps some souls to joys above,

Then its mission will be ended,
  Then its duty will be done,
When the joys of earth are blended
  With the joys beyond the sun.

—The Author.

MY DAILY PRAYER.

O LEAD me Lord all through this day,
Help me to do Thy will I pray;
Direct me Lord in everything,
Whether I read, or speak, or sing.

O Lord do lead me now I pray
In paths that lead to endless day;
Help me dear Lord to faithful be,
And evermore to trust in Thee.

Help me dear Lord to think, and say,
The things I should, O Lord today;
Help me to live, and work and pray,
Just as Thou wilt from day to day.

O let Thy love now in my heart
Have free access in every part;
O may I those with whom I meet.
In christian love and friendship greet.

Help me O Lord all through my years,
If spent in joy, or grief and tears,
Led on by Thy unfathomed love
Some souls to bring to heaven above.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

I HAVE enlisted in the war,
'Though battles I may see,
I hope to outride all the storms
I may meet upon life's sea;
I hope to ride o'er all the waves
That dash against the shore.
And then with my Redeemer
I shall live forever more.

I have enlisted in the war
Although I'm young I know,
But with my Savior for my help
I'll conquer every foe.
Then let my way be rough or smooth
I'll steer for heaven's shore,
And on the banks of Canaan fair
I'll live for ever more.

Then come young friends and go with me
To Canaan's happy shore,
Where we from sorrow shall be free,
Our trials all be o'er;
There we shall walk the golden streets
And praise Him hour by hour,
Praise Him who bids us seek His love,
Who saves us by His power.

The pleasures of the world do bring
But wretchedness and pain,
While happiness of the soul in Christ
Is everlasting gain.
Then let us live in Truth for Him,
And stray from Him—no, never—
Then we in happiness shall live,
Forever! Yes, forever.

Note.—This was written in eastern Indiana soon after its author was converted, and was published in the "Weekly Breeze," Monroeville, Ind. Feb. 28, 1884.

LIFE.

LIFE flows along, and history
Records events in life's brief play,
But no man's eye can ever see,
Nor pen, life's joys, or pain portray.

The dreams of youth may not all be
In life's great drama realized;
But fortune's door will open be
To those by whom true worth is prized.

Then seek the right, the good, the pure,
That in your life their fruit may be,
For these with truth, and love, endure,
And make life what it ought to be.

CHILDHOOD AND MOTHER.

WHEN but a child I happy was
My life was filled with joy,
Out on the farm, in house of logs
I lived when but a boy.

The angel of my life was there,
Her heart was filled with love,
I know to me she was most fair,
To me she proved her love.

Her heart and hands by love were moved,
Her words were kind and sweet,
And thus to me her love she proved—
My mother's love—so sweet.

A kiss from her—it was as sweet
As honey from the comb—
And while she lived my youthful feet
Ne'er wandered from her home.

The kind advice she gave me then
With me has ever stayed,
And from the tempter's gilded dens
My soul has often saved.

The Book she taught me much to read
When I was but a child,
Has been the guide my soul to lead
Through this world dark and wild.

But O, alas, that mother dear
From earth did take her flight,
And when but twelve I was left here
Life's hard battles to fight.

I learned a lesson—O how sad—
That men were not all true!
That some would lie to me a lad,
Who thought that all were true.

Ah, many since that day I've found
Whose hearts were hard as stone;
And few—ah, very few around—
Like mother's heart I've known.

And while her face I can not see,
Her voice I can not hear,
Yet mother's teachings still guide me,
And she to me is dear.

IN MEMORY OF LOVED ONES.

HOW our hearts were filled with rapture
When we met in eighty three,
While in life we were together
None were happier than we.

There are those we love and cherish
While the days are passing by,
There are those we loved more dearly
In the church-yard there they lie.

And our hearts are filled with sadness
When we think that they are gone,
But again revive with gladness
When we know they are with God.

How we felt the loss of Hallie,
Our only sweet darling child,
When she went to God the giver,
How in death she sweetly smiled.

And how soon her darling mother
Who was more than life to me,
Passed across death's narrow river
God and Hallie there to see.

Sad the thought we now are severed
By the hand of God through death;
And alone I'm left to wander,
All alone, sad and bereft.

But they left the blest assurance
They were going home above,
And through God who watches o'er us
We shall meet again in love.

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord;" therefore "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Note.—This was written in 1889 A. D. in memory of the devoted wife and infant child of the writer, both of whom had died in 1888.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHATEVER the failures or fears of the past,
A friend, a true friend is a friend to the last;
A friend, yes, a friend, a friend indeed—
Befriends a friend when that friend is in need.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN you stood there by the ocean
  Picking shells up where the tide
Washed them in its great commotion,
  I wish I'd been by your side—
Picking shells up where the waters
  Washed them with its swelling tide.

But alas! here I was lonely—
  Perhaps you were lonely too—
But as it was, I could only
  Write and think of there, and you.
For I was here in Nebraska,
  You were by the ocean blue.

But our thoughts went to each other
  'Though the distance far between,
And you knew I was a brother—
  Thoughts can travel, 'though unseen—
Without wrecks or any bother
  Quickly 'cross the space between.

Now the Christmas-tide is coming,
Here I am, and there are you;
Thoughts through both our minds are running,
Thoughts of friends—of false and true—
Thoughts of loved ones—little darlings—
Little darlings, loving true.

But our tears could never cheer them,
Nor our sighs could help them now;
And while we can not be near them
We our heads can humbly bow
While we ask the Lord to bless them—
He alone doth know just how.

So we'll trust Him, trust Him ever
As we travel on apace,
Even if we here should never
See again each other's face;
But we know each other's sorrow—
Know the trials each do face.

Note.—This was written to a friend in Oregon, who was at the coast, and had had similar experiences to those of the author of these lines.

A TRUE FRIEND.

THE truest friend, the friend indeed,
Is one who helps me most in life;
The one who helps in my soul's need,
Who points me to eternal life.

The one who warns me of the snare
Of sin's allurements 'round me hurled,
The one who for my soul doth care
And points me to the better world.

The one who teaches me to pray,
And to accept God's saving grace,
To walk with Christ from day to day
And in the Lord my trust to place.

The one who helps me then to rise
Above the world's temptations given
To make me fail to gain the prize,
To make me lose the joys of heaven.

The one who lifts my thoughts above
The things which made me downward wend,
Is one who loves with friendship's love—
Is one who is indeed a friend.

So read your Bible much, I know
'Twill help you in your greatest need,
Take it with you where e'er you go
And ever its true precepts heed.

'Twill save you from the tempter's snare,
'Twill give you joy and peace and love,
'Twill place you in the Savior's care
And guide you home to heaven above.

Note.—This can be sung with the following chorus:

"Then ask me not to mingle on
Amid the gay and thoughtless throng,"
For that would only lead me off
Into the world's seductive snares,
And make me at the right to scoff
And fill my heart with fear and cares.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDS you will meet, both young and old,
Some friendships sweet, some bitter,
But you will find all is not gold—
That shines—or even glitters.

So when a faithful friend you've found—
That loves you truly ever,
I hope that friend you'll not "turn down,"
That bond of love ne'er sever.

For friends may come and friends may go,
Like sunshine, shade, or shower,
But all too oft they fade and go
Like some enchanting bower.

So prove your friends—but trust them, too—
Do not deceive or vex them,
For even if a friend were true
Such actions might perplex them.

And then when you have passed them by—
And some one else have taken—
You may lament with a deep sigh
That you were thus mistaken.

FRIENDSHIP—A SHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is not a "phantom ship"
That passes in the night,
Nor is it a great battle ship
All ready for a fight.

And it is no mere pleasure yacht—
So easily upset—
That you are with such danger fraught
It keeps you in a sweat.

It is not just a floating craft
That's towed along the beach,
That can not stem the tempest's blast
Some other port to reach.

And it is no mere little skiff,
Nor a frail bark canoe—
That can not stem a sudden whiff—
Has only room for two.

Nor it is not a racing yacht
Which seeks to win the cup,
For it with selfishness is fraught
And if it fails—gives up.

No! but it is a mighty ship
  Laden with treasures rare,
That dares sail out on any trip
  With weather rough or fair.

There is no storm it cannot face,
  No billows roll so high—
That it will drift out of its place—
  Be wrecked, and leave you die.

Friendship is like the mighty craft
  That sails the ocean o'er,
That is secure before and aft
  And sails from shore to shore.

If you secure this true friendship--
  With love furled at the mast—
Your life will be a happy trip
  For true friendship will last.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is not a passing play
In which all take a part,
But is a sacred welding of
Emotions of the heart.

A friend, is not just one you "know"
Or whom you chance to meet,
Or one with whom you some times go
While walking down the street.

Nor even one with whom you deal,
Or trade with in the store—
For even they may sometimes feel
That you're an awful bore.

Nor one to whom you sometimes go
When you are in great need,
From whom you sometimes borrow, no,
Who would not your cry heed?

Nay! all of these if you should fail—
Or, if perchance you fell,
Might beat you with the gossip's flail—
Might crush you down to hell.

A FRIEND is one who is a friend
Like Jonathan of old,
One who is faithful to the end,
And risks his life and gold.

One who does not disdain to be
Near one when he is down—
For fear he'll lose his dignity—
Or lose some earthly crown.

But one who will at any times
In any way or place,
Come to you with a face that shines—
And show true friendly grace.

When such a friend you once have found
And proved him true as gold—
A fortune you have surely found
That never should be "sold."

For when you "Sell" out such a friend
And think you have the cash,
You're apt to find out in the end
That you've sold out for trash.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

NO matter if a mansion be
Decked out and in with gold,
And fortune, wealth and luxury
Their blessings there unfold.

'Though art and genuis do their part
From basement unto dome,
And shrubbery from every part
Of earth, in richest loam

May do its best to decorate
And fragrant make the air,
And everything in nature ape
To make the place most fair;

'Though fashion of the grandest style
On each may be displayed,
And beauty with its fondest smile
Its homage may have paid,

'Though all of these have done their parts
No matter where you roam,
Without true love within the hearts
It cannot be "sweet home."

You may live in a mansion sir,
A cottage, or a tent,
There may be millions in the bank,
Or sometimes not a cent.

But where two hearts do beat as one
And love reigns on the throne,
In darkest night, or brightest sun,
There you'll find "Home, Sweet Home."

FOR THE GROWN FOLKS.

There are not many hymns for the children,
There are only a few for the youth,
But most of the hymns are for the grown folks—
And the grown folks need them—it's the truth.

For the Sunday School is mostly children,
And the League—it is mostly the youth—
But where will you find most of the grown folks?
The church hasn't got them, it's the truth.

Then sing your many songs for the grown folks,
Try hard to get them into the church;
Their example is bad for the young folks—
For the grown folks are such awful shirks.

JENNIE JUNE.

THERE was a little girl I knew
Her name was Jennie June,
Her checks were plump, her eyes were blue,
Her lips like pinks in bloom.

This little darling Jennie June,
With eyes so clear and bright,
Knew when her "Pa" came home at noon,
And when he came at night.

And if he did not take her up
And play with her awhile,
She'd give a cry and keep it up
And would not stop to smile.

Her mother loved this little one,
This little Jennie June,
But when the morning time would come
She thought she waked too soon.

But Jennie thought the time did come
Entirely too soon,
When Mamma thought 'twas sleepy time
For little Jennie June.

Note.—This was written for Jennie June Candor, Hoskins, Neb., 1904.

REAL LOVE.

THE heart which to another holds
  When conscience says "you must,"
When "duty" makes affection's moulds
  Out of the human dust,

There is not there the willing hand—
  The life in danger thrust—
As living at love's alter stands
  And loves because it must.

Loves—just because love is enthroned
  And binds with bands of steel—
When heart and life by love is owned—
  And naught but love doth feel.

Ah! Love, which looks beyond all faults—
  And sees naught but the good—
Ah—love, which wakes, or weeps or walks,
  As none but lovers could.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

LOVE is of God, for God is love,
In ocean, earth and sky,
And all true love like God above
Can never, never die.

True love is deeper than the seas,
Is higher than the skies,
What ever death in time doth sieze,
Yet true love never dies.

'Though friends may fail, betray their trust,
Cause heart-aches, tears, and sighs,
What e'er assail say this I must—
That true love never dies.

'Though friends ignore, desert their own,
And love must say "good bye,"
And wander in this world alone,
Still, love can never die.

And when from earth we take our flight
To reign beyond the sky,
Forevermore in realms of light
True love shall never die.

LOVE, TRUE LOVE.

THERE'S nothing so pure,
That binds so secure,
And that will endure
And all heart-aches cure
Like love—true love.

There's nothing so true,
That ever keeps new,
That all things will do—
And bear—just for you,
But love—true love.

There's nothing so bright,
So full of delight,
That keeps pure and right,
By day and by night—
But love—true love.

There's nothing so dear,
That binds hearts so near,
That casts out all fear,
That brings such good cheer
As love—true love.

There's nothing can give
Such joy while you live,
There's nothing above
So great as God's love—
Just love—true love.

BETTER TO NOT LOVE THAN LOVE AND LOSE.

'TWERE better not to plant the corn
And save the toil and cost,
Than have it burnt up by the heat,
Or cut down by the frost.

Lost love is like the growing corn—
Cut down by killing frost—
'Twere better never to have loved
Than to have loved —and lost.

Ah, this is true were this life all,
And death the final end,
But we shall rise at Gabriel's call
And friend shall meet with friend.

LOVE'S LONGING AND HOPE.

HOW can I love the noonday high,
  Or wish the evening near,
When every breath emits a sigh,
  And flows the burning tear?

How can I wish the morning near
  While on my bed I toss,
It only brings a new day's tears
  For my heart's awful loss.

O soul, look up! God still doth reign
  And doeth all things well.
Be patient! Wait amid the rain
  Of tears, 'though your heart swell.

God reigns above and knows the need
  Of every loving heart;
The time will come when we can meet
  And never need to part.

SOLILOQUY.

COULD I the realm of nature rule
And make the world obey my voice,
Ah, were the elements a tool
To have fulfilled my every choice,
Perhaps I'd happy be each day,
And make the world around me be
As happy as a lamb at play,
And perfect love the cause would be.

But who am I? or what, alas?
But one to linger on and stay
Beneath the place that I should pass
Till from the earth I pass away—
And from the stage of action pass,
For brightest hopes have passed away,
And I shall pass away at last—
For life is like a winter day.

While life is like a ladder-way
On which man doth his fellows pass,
How many at the bottom stay—
Who by their fellows are tied fast;
They only look upon the stair
And view its gorgeous lofty height,
And then they drop in sad despair
And soon are pressed down out of sight.

But there is yet a God above
Who rules the world in love and power;
His love is more than human love,
And His is more than human power.
Upon the weakest He doth look
And tenderly for each doth care,
And writes the names down in His book
Of all who will His mercy share.

MARRIAGE.

SOME marry for wealth, some marry for beauty,
Some marry because they think it their duty,
Some marry for fun, some marry for spite,
Some marry because they think it is right.
True matches, they say, are made up above—
And all that thus marry—just marry for love.

REVERIE.

JULY is coming soon—another year will
soon be gone;
Oh! could I swing the pendulum and make
old Time turn back—
Oh! could I chase the gloom away that
settles down upon
And crushes my poor heart to earth and
makes the clouds look black.

Oh! could I sweep out of the past the heart-
aches and the tears.
And then forget the chilling blast of
sorrow and of gloom;
And gather all the love, and good, of all the
passing years
And bury all the sad, sad past in some
forgotten tomb.

Surely of anguish and heart-aches, and grief
enough I've known
My joys have been like white winged
doves through windows passing by;
Oh, could I have the joy of love, and loving
friends and home,
No one in all the earth could be more
happy then than I.

Oh! God! wilt Thou not send into my heart
the shining light
Of hope, and drive away the gloom of this
relentless night—
And kindle in my heart again hope's shining
beacon light?
I'll trust the Lord to over-rule and make
it come out right.

Note.—Written July 29, 1905. July 4 is the author's birthday.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

BEHOLD the day is breaking,
The cocks begin to crow,
Earth's teeming life is waking,
'Tis time to up and go—
If well.

Awake! Be up and working!
For soon the day'll be done;
No time for idly shirking,
For soon the setting sun—
Will tell.

They who from early morning
All through each passing day
Will heed this gentle warning,
Will surely get their pay—
"Did well."

SOMEBODY "THOUGHT."

MANY the words and many the deeds,
Many have sown the death yielding seeds,
Many now lie beneath the green sod—
The cause of which nobody knows—but God.

Somebody "thought" somebody was wrong,
And published it shamefully well,
And sinfully pushed them swiftly on
'Till they landed at last in hell.

Many fair ones whose actions and ways
Were loving, mirthful and bright,
Somebody's "thoughts" have driven away
And doomed to eternal night.

Somebody's thoughts are always alert—
Searching for somebody's wrongs—
Thinking of something to say that will hurt
Instead of provoking a song.

If all would think of the nearest home,
And try to be true and pure,
They might soon rescue some one that roams
And many sad heart-aches cure.

DESPAIR.

MANY a soul as good, and true,
As pure perhaps as I, or you,
Out from the christian pathway bright
Has been driven to sin's dark night.

Sometimes a hasty angry word —
In some poor soul the feeling stirred—
That no one for his soul did care,
And he went off in dark despair.

Oh! Sorrow's darkness—who can tell
What more can be in deepest hell—
When a soul feels down in his heart
That from him every friend doth part,

And in this world he's left alone
From home and loved ones here to roam.
And Oh! how deep the heart is gored
When by one's friends he is ignored;

And when by christians (so professed),
He is ignored instead of blest,
And he by them is pushed below—
Where else could a poor sinner go?

MEMORY.

O MEMORY: thou art the one
  Who ever brings before my face,
The words I've spoken, deeds I've done,
  As I have gone from place to place.

And, all the failures I have made,
  (The things I wish I could undo),
The penalties that I have paid—
  Thou dost show up in colors true.

Sorrows I wish I could forget—
  The heart-aches, anguish, sighs and
    tears,
Thou dost present before me yet—
And echo each sigh in my ears.

The many things I would conceal—
  Would bury ever from my sight—
Unbidden thou dost oft reveal
  And hold up in the brightest light.

The sins of youth—the secret sins—
  And the presumptious sins of life—
The private and the public sins—
  I see them all as true as life!

The things I thought long past were lost
And quite forgotten—out of mind—
Here in my thoughts again are tossed,
What once were lost again I find.

But thanks to thee O Memory:
With all these things thou dost recall,
Thou also dost present to me
The good and beautiful withal.

The bright and cheerful things of life—
The times I dared to stand the test
And be the victor in the strife—
When in my soul I found sweet rest.

The friends of old, though years have past—
I see them just as yesterday;
Those locks of gold, and holding fast
With loving hands in childish play.

Those happy days of childish love,
With hearts so innocent and pure;
That love so like to that above
Did all our disagreements cure.

The old log house, the well so deep,
The rail fence and the old elm tree,
The trundle-bed where I did sleep—
Those happy days when hearts were free!

Those days so free from every care—
I close my eyes and see them yet—
Those days were days of pleasure rare,
And Memory will not forget.

Behold she is in every place—
Whatever I may say or do,
And keeps all in its proper place—
To call it up—which she will do.

So if the future years and days
I would have cheerful be, and bright,
The passing years, months, weeks and days
Must all be filled with what is right.

CONSECRATION.

THINE, thine O Lord I long to be,
My sinful heart I bring to Thee—
I pray Thee Lord to save me!
Thy blood O Lord is all my plea,
And now I give myself to Thee,
Lord Thou alone canst save me!

My head, my heart I give to Thee,
My hands, my feet, Thine all shall be—
I make the consecration;
'Tis not to shout, O Lord I ask,
Nor in the depth of joy to bask,
I only want salvation.

In health or pain Thine I shall be,
Sunshine or rain I'll trust in Thee—
Thine, Thine I am forever!
Whatever comes—riches or loss,
I'll count it all only as dross
From Thee there's naught can sever.

WHEN from our homes our dearest friends
Whose brightness 'round us shone,
To heaven's portals their way wends
And leave us here alone—
Can we like Job look up and say
That we will do His will—
God gave, and He did take away—
We're consecrated still?

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

FORGET not Him who in the dark
  Deep shades of life's dark night,
Stands by thee with His hands upraised
  To lead thee into light.

Remember this: 'though storms may come
  And clouds make dark the sky,
The voice that stilled the tempest once
  Will speak out from on high

And make the darkness turn to light,
  The night turn into day,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes
  And bring a happy day.

The heart that beats with faith, and love,
  And hope, without dismay,
And fully trusts in God above
  Along life's short pathway—

Will find that He in all life's joys,
  And pain, and shade and light,
Will lead through all life's varied scenes
  And make it come out right.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

JESUS CHRIST Our Lord and Savior
  Said that we should watch and pray,
And to his disciples ever
  He taught them these words to say:

"Our Father, Who art in heaven,
  Hallowed ever be Thy Name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
  As in heaven on earth the same.

Give to us each day we pray Thee
  Bread that we may eat and live,
And forgive us our trespasses
  As we others do forgive.

Lead us not into temptation,
  But deliver us from sin,
For Thine is the kingdom, power,
  And glory, ever, Amen."

DEATH.

OH! Death! The sad the solemn thought
That fills our eyes with tears,
It fills each heart with dread today—
It has done so for years.

It is a lonely passage, true,
Through which none wish to pass,
But with our wishes and our fears
All must pass through at last.

The way seems dark, and at death's brink
Many hearts do falter,
Until at last like priests of old
Our feet touch the water,

And lo! 'tis then through faith in God—
See! the vail is riven—
Death is no longer darkness then—
It is the gate to heav'n.

Then let us keep our trust in God,
Hold hope, the anchor fast,
Christ is our captain, He will guide
Us safe to heav'n at last.

THE STORY OF SALVATION.

THE story of salvation, of God's redeeming love,
Will be sung by the angels around the throne above,
The music of their singing to heaven's dome will ring,
And vibrate through the alcoves of the palace of the King.

Then down to every nation, to earth's remotest climes,
The echo of their singing will ring in sweetest chimes.
All glory in the highest! let men and angels sing,
For He who is our Savior is also Lord and King.

It was for every nation the "Peace, Good will to men,"
The message of the angels near ancient Bethlehem.
It was for every creature He died upon the cross
That He might save all people and none need suffer loss.

He is the Rock of Ages, He is the Bread of life,
He is the soul's salvation, He gives eternal life.
O Blessed Rock of Ages! The precious crimson flood—
The fountain for our cleansing is Thy own precious blood.

It was for full salvation He shed His precious blood,
That sinners of all nations might plunge beneath that flood.
Go spread the proclamation, the Savior's promise given—
That all of every nation through Him might be forgiven.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

IN the world there is sorrow and gloom.
And many going down to their doom;
In the world there is death,
There is poison in the breath,
And for joy there seems to be no room.

In the world there is sickness and pain,
Lightning and thunder with the rain,
There is hail and there is storm,
Its too cold or its too warm,
There is always a loss with the gain.

There are friends that are false and untrue
And the faithful ones are very few,
But Jesus is a true friend,
Who is faithful to the end,
Yes, Jesus is a friend ever true.

Thank God there is light amid the gloom,
Thank God there is respite from the doom,
Yes thank God for there is health,
For the safety and the wealth,
Thank God that with Him for us is room.

Thank God for the joy amid the tears,
And for all the blessings of the years;
Yes, thank God for there is mirth,
For the joy that's on the earth,
And for the smiles that shine through the tears.

FEASTING AND FUTURE.

HEADS and hearts may be neglected,
Conscience may be put to shame,
But the stomach is expected
To be filled up just the same.

This is true of every creature,
Whether man, or mule, or mice—
Whether from the land of sunshine,
Or the land of snow and ice.

It is true of every creature,
Whether beast, or bird, or bat,
Whether horse, or cow, or camel,
Whether monkey, dog, or cat.

Yes, it's true of every creature,
Of the earth, the air, the sea,
Whether elephant, or ostrich,
Whether fish, or fly, or flea.

But the feasting soon is over,
And its pleasure soon is past,
And they all each as the other—
Sleep the sleep of death at last.

Aye—but God made man the master
Of the world with all its train—
And at length in the hereafter
He will raise him up again.

All our words and all our doings,
Ev'ry motive, ev'ry plan,
Will be brought before the judgment
When before the Lord we stand.

As life's pathway we're pursuing
Let us do the best we can!
For we'll meet our words and doings
In the great beyond again.

EACH day of life just do your best,
To duty e'er be true;
Then you at night will find sweet rest,
And peace will dwell with you.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

LIVING in harmony with God, 'though earth should vanish,
Yea, 'though the heavens should give way;
Still I with God would e'er enjoy what none could banish,
A glad and bright eternal day.

Such harmony is only found with God who gave it—
And they who it accept of Him—
Such love for earth, the proof—the gift He gave to save it—
To save man-kind from death and sin.

Can any doubt the soverign love of God our Savior
Which He hath shown to all mankind?
Can any ask, or think of any greater favor
Than what in Christ we all may find.

Then doubt not! Seize at once this chance for your salvation,
Just now accept the "Gift of God!"
Your life is short—'tis but a brief time of probation—
Prepare to meet and live with God.

LOOK UP.

LOOK up, for the light is above you,
The sun shines down from the sky,
Remember that Jesus doth love you
And it was for you he did die.

Go bury your anguish and sorrow,
Go bury it deep in the ground;
Go live for a brighter tomorrow,
By faith go and win you a crown.

In life's battle ever be fighting,
Each victory brightens your crown,
The recording angel is writing
Each fight and each victory down.

At night time the stars still are shining
And time brings the sun with its light;
The trials may us be refining
And save us from still darker night.

The night will be past and the dawning
Of life's brighter day will have come,
Then darkness and sighing and yawning,
For us will forever be done.

RAPID CREEK.

UP in the hills and mountains high
Their peaks towering toward the sky,
A little trickling sound is heard,
Then the fluttering of a bird—
You stop and look, you hear it sing,
And there, behold a bubbling spring
Is gushing up out of the rocks;
Here it starts,—but it never stops.

Then, leaping on through rocks and brush,
It downward flows with wondrous rush
And another it overtakes,
And now the deer their thirst do slake;
On, through canyons it wends its way
With not a moment here to stay,
Bounding on o'er earth and rocks
It ever flows but never stops.

Thus rushing on with brooklet's song,
'Mong deer, and bear, and lion strong—
Quenching the thirst of one and all—
Amid the pine trees slim and tall,
Through canyons deep 'mong mountains high
This little rill runs swiftly by
Ledges of gold, silver, and rocks—
Washing them all but never stops.

The beasts and birds all come to drink
At its cool rippling crystal brink,
And, miners to its fountain come
And find it far better than rum!
And of its work no tongue has told
How much it does in washing gold,
As through the flumes and over rocks,
It ever runs, and never stops.

Still on it goes into the lake
Where boat rides many now do take,
As o'er its waters smooth and clear
They row with joyful hearts and cheer;
Still on it goes o'er the great dam—
It can't be held by mortal man,
Yes, on it goes to the work shops;
It ever flows but never stops.

Then 'ere it goes out to the fields
It turns the mill's many great wheels,
And helps to grind the wheat for bread
For those who live (who'll soon be dead.)
The railroad, too, it now does seem
Depends upon it for its steam;
Supplying all with its bright drops.
It goes right on and never stops.

Then having this work all well done
It goes on toward the rising sun
To water the land toward its mouth
(Which is suffering from a drought;)
Here it finds there's many a switch
Turning water out in a ditch,
And thus it waters many crops
As it goes on and never stops.

It swiftly glides through Rapid's vale
Where crops (they say) do never fail;
But hold on, Ranchman, by the way!
Do you give thanks for all that hay,
For wheat and corn and oats in store
To Him who makes it increase more,
Who sends the creek to water crops
As it goes on and never stops?

On, on it goes, to the Cheyenne,
Bringing its blessings to all men
Who live within its fertile vale,
Plenty to eat, and some for sale;
And from the river it brings fish,
Which to some is a dainty dish,
When on it twists 'mong trees and rocks
As on it flows and never stops.

Yet on it flows through bars of sand
Which it now finds in the Cheyenne;
Through the Missouri, wide and deep,
Its waters now do swiftly sweep;
Through Mississippi's waters rough
It flows right on through the great gulf,—
Rapid Creek in the sea now rocks,
With ocean billows never stops.

Oh! Rapid Creek! Thou work of God!
All streams on whose banks man has trod
Would that all men would learn of Thee—
A help to those they meet to be;
And then, like thy sweet rippling song
Give thanks to God their whole lives long,
Then, joy and peace in field and shop
Would ever be, and never stop!

Note.—Written in 1892, a description of Rapid Creek in the Black Hills.

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST, GLORY.

"GLORY in the highest, glory!
"Peace on earth, good will toward men;"
For your Lord and Savior cometh,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Thus the angels sang the chorus
When they came from heaven above,
Showing that God watches o'er us,
Proving His redeeming love.

Chorus:

Glory, glory! in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth, good will toward men;
Angels heralded the sacred story,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

See the shepherds gladly going
To the place the angels said;
Where they found the infant Jesus
With a manger for a bed.
Eastern wise men saw a bright star—
Sent of God to pilot them—
Over desert, plain, and hills far,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

Chorus:

Glory, glory! in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth, good will toward men,
Angels heralded the sacred story,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

There they opened all their treasures,
Poured them out at Jesus' feet,
Gifts of gold, Myrrh, and frankincense
Gems most precious, incense sweet.
Then they worshipped there before Him,
In their hearts they crowned Him king,
Thus the wise men did adore Him,
And to Him their offerings bring.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth, good will toward men,
Angels heralded the sacred story,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

But the gift of God our Savior,
Precious, priceless gift divine,
Dearer is than all earth's treasures
To this sinful heart of mine,
For no other name is given,
Whereby we may be forgiven,
But Jesus of Bethlehem.

Chorus:

Glory, glory! in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth, good will toward men,
Angels heralded the sacred story,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O Christmas bells ring out, ring out,
O Christmas bells ring out,
The angels' song the world throughout
O Christmas bells ring out.

Send the glad tidings to all men
O Christmas bells ring out.
That Christ was born in Bethlehem,
O Christmas bells ring out.

In ev'ry nation ev'ry clime,
O Christmas bells ring out,
That all may hear thy sweetest chime,
O Christmas bells ring out.

This message is to all mankind,
O Christmas bells ring out,
All may through Christ salvation find,
O Christmas bells ring out.

Whoever will accept the call,
O Christmas bells ring out,
May now be ransomed from the fall,
O Christmas bells ring out.

CHRIST, HENCE CHRISTMAS.

IF there were no Christmas
  Our souls would be lost;
If there were no Christmas
  There would be no cross.
If there were no Christmas
  Sin would e'er abound
For if there were no cross,
  There would be no crown.

Christ was born on Christmas,
  None e'er need be lost;
Christ was born on Christmas,
  Coming to the cross.
Christ was born on Christmas,
  New life should abound;
Jesus died on the cross,
  Now He wears a crown.

Merry, merry Christmas!
  Christ has come to reign;
Merry, merry Christmas!
  He doth live again.
Merry, merry Christmas!
  I at last have found—
That by way of the cross
  I can win a crown.

MISSIONS.

M.

MALAYSIA calls with out-stretched hands:
Oh! come and help us, help us now!
Her thousands want to break sin's bands—
They wait for us to show them how.

I

India, that great and open field
With thousands who have found the Lord.
Has millions more who soon would yield
If they could hear the blessed Word.

S.

Save Africa, that land so great.
Its millions need our Savior too,
While we boast of our great estate
Under our flag, Red, White and Blue.

S.

Salvation is the one great need
Of Africans in our own land—
'Tis not enough that they are freed
From bondage and as men do stand.

I

In ignorance and sin they found
Themselves when freed in sixty-five,
With them God's grace must soon abound
If as a nation we would thrive.

O.

O think of China's yellow race
With millions who have never heard
Of Christ, nor of His saving grace,
Have never read nor seen His Word.

N.

New fields are open to us now—
The world with open doors now stands,
Can we before the Savior bow
And not obey His last command?

S.

Savior, help us for Thee to live,
And all our years for Thee to spend;
Teach us too, Lord, how we may give,
And others to Thy harvest send.

Note.—Appropriate for a missionary program for little folks' class, each one holding an appropriate letter spelling the word MISSIONS.

ALL ON DUTY.

TODAY we are all on duty,
And are all a going to do
All that we can for our Savior
And all that we can do for you.

'Though I can not cross the ocean,
Or fight like the warrior so bold,
I can do all in my power
To tell the sweet story of old.

We're all in the field of labor
And we're all a going to say
A word for our dear Savior—
And that while it is "today."

Today, the day of salvation,
The Lord is now calling to Thee;
How glad we are that he stated—
"Let little ones come unto me."

Then come dear friends to the Savior—
Tomorrow may never come—
And although it may 'tis folly—
To wander in darkness so long.

The world is full of temptations
To lure you on down to distress.
But Christ stands lovingly waiting
To give you a home with the blest.

Then why should you wander in sorrow,
And darkness, and anguish and gloom,
When you may be saved for tomorrow—
And find at God's banquet there's room.

Be faithful, live close to the Savior,
Each day of your life do your best,
And God will reward your behavior
And give you a home with the blest.

GREAT MEN THINK.

MINDS of great men sometimes wander,
But oft in same channels run,
For such minds do always ponder
Over things that should be done.

NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

ANOTHER year has come and gone
With all its joy and pain,
With all its tears, its sighs, its songs,
With all its loss and gain.

We can not know the plans of Him
In whom all might doth dwell,
And yet with faith we sing the hymn:
"He doeth all things well."

The darkness comes, the grief, the pain,
We sometimes most despair;
Yet darkest clouds may bring the rain—
And prove the Father's care.

So let us trust in God above
In life's most trying hour,
And we will find that hand of love
Will manifest its power.

The "all things" yet will work for good,
So let us trust and wait,
For He who's every act is good
Will yet unbar hope's gate.

And all the ills through which you've passed
In grief and sad dismay,
May be the guiding cloud at last
To life's illumined way.

Have faith in God through all your years
If joy or grief they bring;
If need be smile through falling tears,
And trusting, pray, and sing.

He who could still the tempest's blast,
Calm seas at His command—
He, who has had in all the past
A guiding, guarding hand—

Can calm the raging storms of life,
Bring brightness out of gloom,
Can guard our pathway all through life,
And bring us safely home.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE old year is dying the new year appears,
Dispel all your sighing, your worry and fears;
Forget all your failures, your sadness and sin,
The new year with faith, hope and courage begin.

Each day brings its duties, its burdens and cares,
And great is our need to be faithful in prayers;
For God is our refuge, our strength, hope and joy,
Our lips with His praises we ought to employ.

While last year forever is out of our reach,
Its failures and trials may great lessons teach;
For God watches o'er us and cares for us all—
Who numbers our hairs—notes the sparrows that fall.

The future's before us, the present is ours;
Its duties are o'er us demanding our powers:
For life is a battle, a fight against sin,
And we must be faithful if in it we'd win.

Then up and be doing and always do right;
Your duty pursuing from morning till night:
Let this be your motto, your conscience keep
clear,
And you surely will have a Happy New Year.

Note.—This was written and published in "Greetings for the New Year," for New Year 1905.

PATIENCE.

I WOULD not pry open the gate
Of future—but would wait—
And let the angel of my faith
At length unbar hope's gate.

In sorrow, or in joys of life,
I'd say: "Just as God will,"
And in life's battles and its strife
His law I would fulfiill.

Whatever here would be my lot—
If joy, or grief, or pain,
I know my God hath not forgot—
And I with Him shall reign.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF 1905.

BEHOLD we now stand at the door
  Of nineteen hundred and five;
We bid farewell to nineteen four—
  For we are yet alive.

Life has responsibilities
  We can not set aside;
The door of opportunities
  Is standing open wide.

So let us as we enter in—
  Pressed in by passing time—
With faith and prayer each task begin
  As up life's hill we climb.

For all our days will soon be past,
  Our duties all be done;
And, well for us, if we at last
  Hear our Lord say: Well done.

———

I wish you a happy New Year!
  Success and health to you—
That you may always have good cheer—
  And be a blessing, too.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Note.—These lines were written while the writer was attending the preparatory department of the Nebraska Weslyan University; the chancellor, Dr. Creighton, had spoken to the students several times about running down stairs and making a noise in the hall, and had threatened them rather sarcastically, intimating that it was only the "Preps," the "Freshmen" and "Juniors," and said that the "Seniors" would not do such things. Then said: "If it is impossible for some of you to walk down stairs, we will attach a chute to the chapel window and let you down outside." These verses show the impression it made on at least one student.

WHILE we are at chapel
  Each one has his chair,
The seniors and juniors
  Are always found there;

The second and first "Preps"
  May also be seen—
While Chancellor watches
  With eyes very keen.

But, after the reading
  And after the prayer—
There's a great confusion—
  'Tis heard everywhere!

As soon as Chancellor
  Says: "You're excused,"
The "Preps" and the Freshmen"
  Become very rude;

Such pushing and crowding
  To get to the door—
It sounds like the water
  "Comes down at Ladore."

And then to the stairway
  With a push and a yell—
Down they all go
  "Helter skelter, pell mell;"

And, so here goes a boy
  With another boy's hat,
And others start after
  Like cats after rats;

They run down the stairway
  And then through the hall
A wrestling and laughing
  Till down they both fall.

So Chancellor warned them
  And said: " 'Twill not do!"
And if it is not stopped
  He soon will pursue

Some way of restriction
For making less noise—
And perhaps it would be
To get rid of boys

Who run down the stairway,
Wrestle in the hall,
And act just like boys
Out playing foot ball.

But the "Preps," the "Freshmen"
And "Juniors" you see
Got all the reproof,
But did it not seem

The mirth it gave vent to
Was only to show
That well bred people
Should never do so?

And as for the "Seniors"
They're really so few
Had Chancellor not named them
We scarcely would know

That these honored students
As they join with the "Preps"
And go rushing down
The many stair-steps,

Were ranked any higher
On etiquette's rule,
Than some other students
Who attended the same school.

And if to the chapel
They attach a chute
Some of the "Seniors"
Will be in the "soup."

LITTLE THINGS.

'TIS the little rays of sunshine,
'Tis the little drops of rain,
That makes up the lovely springtime,
And insures the golden grain.

'Tis the little deeds of kindness,
'Tis the little words of love
That we all should leave behind us,
When we go to Heav'n above.

Let your life be filled with sunshine,
Seeds of love and kindness sow,
Then in eternity's springtime
Sheaves of love and joy will grow.

OUR HEROES.

THE first among our heroes brave
Who led the hosts this land to save,
Was Washington, so great a man
He's called the "Father" of our land.

For, when our country was distressed,
To British guns he bared his breast,
And led his men thro' heat and cold,
Against the British soldiers bold

He led them on from day to day,
And never did he cease to pray
To God for help and liberty,
Till they had gained the victory

And then, again, in later years,
When many eyes were filled with tears,
And many hearts were filled with aches
Because of sin in southern states.

Which in the south caused a dark cloud,
And then were heard to weep aloud,
As to their work from day to day
They had to go, and, without pay.

For, fathers, mothers, girls and boys,
Were sold just like a lot of toys,
And had to go in different ways,
For all the colored folks were slaves.

And in this land so fair and bright,
To a whole race was slavery's night;
Right in this land of liberty,
A race of people were not free.

Then in the north the church and state,
And all who did the slavery hate,
Into the southern land did go
To put an end to slavery's woe.

And the ones in mind by all,
The hero leaders who did fall,
The first in rank, the leader then,
Was Lincoln, so beloved by men

As President, with conscience clear,
Without the shadow of a fear,
He gave his men that grand command
To liberate each colored man.

And make all people to be free,
In this "sweet land of liberty;"
And that no people here be sold
As merchandise for gain or gold

So Scott, McClellan, Grant, serene,
And Sheridan, and Sherman, seen
All through the southern states afar,
Led in the front of freedom's war.

And Harrison, ex-president,
And Logan to the front were sent,
Halleck, McPherson, Thomas, too,
Honored the grand "red, white and blue."

Butler and Buell, and Rosecrans,
Pope and McDowell did command,
With Meade, and Banks, and with Burnsides,
Hooker, Farragut, and besides,

Our President, McKinley, too,
Under our flag, a soldier true,
Did lead as Major, in the fight,
And helped to make it come out right.

And now upon our ship of state,
While he the helm manipulates,
We trust he'll guide it as is best,
And help those who are in distress.

And, from the marvelous victories gained
In the brief war we had with Spain,
He in his wisdom stood the test,
And none should doubt, did what was best.

These heroes who did lead the hosts,
The picket men put at their posts,
The private soldiers in the line,
Were heroes at their country's shrine.

The stars and stripes, red, white and blue,
The emblems of our nation true,
Waved o'er these men till victory
Made all the colored people free.

And all the states which did secede,
And all the people who were freed,
In one grand union now do stand
With all the rest in "Freedom's land."

The heroes then, in every fight,
Are those who live or die for right;
Then should we not all heroes be,
In this dear land of liberty?

Should we not live, and dare to do
That which we know is just and true,
And be humanity's true friend,
A helping hand to always lend

To those about us in distress,
Who look unto us for redress?
O, let us then not fail to give
Relief to others while we live.

Then when the roll is called at last,
And all life's battles here are past,
We all shall have that rich reward,
The approbation of our Lord.

Note.—This was written by request for a memorial service, May, 1898, during the Spanish-American war.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

OUR noble, loyal Roosevelt,
Our own chief magistrate
Doth stand among the highest
Of all our men of state,

And among all the nations
With all their men of state
You'll not find any greater—
And very few as great.

He stands for faith and courage,
For right and honor true,
And e'er upholds the honor
Of our Red, White and Blue.

Upon the western prairies
He stood the trying test,
And even as a sportsman
Was ranked among the best.

Amid New York's corruption
He stood for law and right,
And against every evil
Was ready for a fight.

As governor and mayor
In the great New York State,
He was corruption's slayer,
And thus made his name great.

He proved before the senate
And Santiago's fort
That he had manly mettle
Of just the proper sort.

And when up to the White House
As our vice president,
With our beloved McKinley
This noble man was sent,

He gave most loyal service
To the nation we all love,
Was faithful to McKinley
Till he went home above.

And then, as our president
In that most trying hour,
It seemed he by the Lord was sent
And given wonderous power;

For he so led the nation
That when election came
The voter's demonstration
But added to his fame.

In strikes, or consternation
Of nations in a fight,
He caused the arbitration
To make it come out right.

And now among the nations
There's no name quite so great
None has such great laudations
As our chief magistrate.

O, may our God most gracious
On him wisdom bestow,
That in his duties spacious
The right he'll always know;

And knowing, may he ever
To God and man be true—
And may our nation never—
Shame the Red, White and Blue.

HAVE FAITH, DO NOT WORRY.

Matt. 6:33.

Bid farewell to anxious care,
To worry and to fretting,
Christ is here for you to care,
Though dark the sun seems setting;

Christ will surely you supply
With all that you are needing,
If from His store-house on high
By faith your soul is feeding.

THE BLACK-BIRD PIE.

THERE was a king in days of yore
  Who was as rich as he could be,
He counted money, gold in store,
  And higher things he could not see.

The queen who in the kitchen ate
  The honey which she relished so,
In her exalted rank in state,
  Thought all beneath her rank were low.

The maid who meekly hung the clothes
  Out in the garden on the line,
Each day to her work humbly goes
  And for herself she has no time.

The drunkard from his toil would shirk,
  And smoke and drink, and drink and chew,
He seldom could be found at work,
  And worse, and worse, and worse he grew.

But since that time there's been a change,
  Since Christ has come in humble birth
The king has thoughts of higher range—
  Treasures in heaven above the earth.

The queen now feasts on "angel's food,"
The maid her equal now doth stand;
The drunkard's in a better mood,
He has reformed, and is a man.

To Christ all glory now we give,
The king, the queen, the maid, the man,
All now through Christ have power to live,
And for our blessed Christ to stand.

The noted pie of blackbirds made—
Of wingless birds just twenty four—
Right here before the king is laid
Just as it was in days of yore;

But if that pie should burst tonight
And all the birds begin to sing,
They'd sing to us of Christmas bright—
The birthday of our Lord and King.

The king, the queen, the maid, the man,
The blackbirds in this pie tonight
Would sing their praise as one man
On this glad Merry Christmas Night.

Note.—This can be used very effectively as a dialogue. Have a large "pie" made of stove pipe material set up in a circle, cover it with manila wrapping paper for a crust, have twenty four little folks to act as "black-birds (with black caps and waists), have the king and queen dressed appropriately, have a man for a drunkard, and a maid hanging clothes, etc.

MISSIONARY POEM.

I KNOW 'tis a task for us children,
And very embarrassing too,
To stand up before all the people
And tell what we're going to do.

We are going to have a concert,
And are all a going to do
Just all that we can for our Savior,
And all that we can to please you.

But what can I do to please Jesus
Any more than others have done,
How can I please you any better
Than help in the work He begun?

He came to this world to save sinners,
Of whom said St. Paul "I am chief,"
And we should do all in our power
To give the poor heathen relief.

We're bound to do something for Jesus,
If but hold up our little hands,
We're bound to do something for Jesus
And His in the far away lands.

We know we're not able like some are,
To preach and to pray like a man,
But we know there is money to send, far
Away to the heathen land.

We know there is many a Hindoo,
Who has not the Bible, "our guide,"
And we should do all that we can do
To send it to them o'er the tide.

I know there is one thing I can do—
And you can do too if you try—
All throw in a dime to send teachers
To point them to Christ e'er they die.

Note.—This is appropriate for a missionary program.

EASTER.

The cross, there on Calvary stands alone,
The anguish is past, there is not a groan;
Those who there waited have all gone away
In sorrow to wait the coming of day.

Their hearts were heavy, they could not endure
The thought that their Lord they should see no more.
For from the cross He was taken away,
And in the rock-tomb they knew that He lay.

Death, the grim monster had taken their Lord.
They had forgotten His prophetic word,
For Jesus had said that He would arise,
Would live after death, ascend to the skies;

And all who love Him and good service give
With Him up above in Glory shall live.
And then, when on the first day of the week
They came to the tomb His body to seek,

They found He was gone, to their great surprise,
An angel declared that He did arise,
That they should not seek Him among the dead,
For from the dark tomb their Savior had fled.

Go tell His disciples that He will be,
And goes before them into Gallilee.
There they shall see Him as He before said,
"Look not for the living among the dead."

Go! tell the glad story the Lord doth live,
And that in Glory a mansion He'll give
To all who are faithful to Him below,
And who the good seed of His word do sow.

SPRING.

AFTER the winter has long hid our treasures
Again comes spring with all of its pleasures.
The grass peeps up from under the snow,
The rivers and brooks begin to flow.

The birds and the bees again may be seen,
The forests and fields are all robed in green;
In the orchards the robins now sing,
All are thankful for beautiful spring.

SPRING TIME.

When the flowers bloom in the fresh warm spring
And the grass and the trees are green,
When the plum trees bloom and the robins sing
And the spring birds all are seen.

Chorus:

O! my heart is light in the sweet spring time
And my voice in song I raise,
For the sunshine bright and the birds sweet chime,
Oh! my lips are filled with praise.

For the sparkling dew and the violets blue,
And the brooklet's merry song,
When the sky is blue and there's work to do
And the days are not too long.

Chorus:

When the lambs on the green do skip and play
And the robin builds its nest,
When the mocking bird sings its sweetest lay,
And the world with life is blest.
Chorus:

THE SEASONS, BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL winter with snows and sleighs,
Beautiful winter in all its ways;
Beautiful winter all robed in white,
Beautiful winter with hearts so light;
Beautiful winter 'though storms do beat—
Beautiful winter 'though cold, how sweet.

Beautiful spring with its grass so green,
Beautiful spring when the birds are seen,
Beautiful spring with its balmy breeze,
Beautiful spring with its bright green leaves;
Beautiful spring when all nature shows
The great work of God who all things knows.

Beautiful summer with flowers sweet,
Beautiful summer when warm rains beat;
Beautiful summer with labor and rest,
Wherein the work of your hands are blest;
Beautiful summer with sun so bright,
Beautiful summer with harvest white.

Beautiful autumn with ripened grain,
Beautiful when we do sow again;
Beautiful autumn when leaves do fall—
Beautiful autumn, more so than all;
Beautiful autumn, Aye true, how dear—
Beautiful, beautiful all the year.

EVERY CLOUD HAS SILVER LINING.

SOME people are like a bubble,
And they always are in trouble,
Everything they strike just seems to make them "bust;"
The air-castles they are building,
And the palaces they're gilding
All just seem to take a tumble in the dust.

Chorus:

But the world is all a shining,
Every cloud has silver lining,
And quite often they are turned just inside out,
So then go and quit your sighing,
On the wings of faith go flying,
For it's just a great deal better than to pout.

If by friends you are forsaken,
And your faith in man is shaken
And the devil seems to be ahead awhile,
Put your trust in God above you,
For the Lord doth always love you,
And you soon shall wear a bright and happy smile.

Chorus:

For the world is all a shining,
Every cloud has silver lining,
And quite often they are turned just inside out,
So then go and quit your sighing,
On the wings of faith go flying,
For it's just a great deal better than to pout.

Satan surely will deceive you,
But the Lord will never leave you,
If you put your trust in Him and do His will;
If you'll only heed His calling,
Let Him help you keep from falling,
He will save you and your heart with joy will fill.

Chorus:

For the world is all a shining,
Every cloud has silver lining,
And quite often they are turned just inside out,
So then go and quit your sighing,
On the wings of faith go flying,
For it's just a great deal better than to pout.

If amid some great commotion
You are wrecked upon life's ocean
And left drifting, just left drifting with the tide—
God still reigns above the ocean—
And can quiet the commotion,
And will bring you safely home to Canaan's side.

Chorus:

For the world is all a shining,
Every cloud has silver lining,
And quite often they are turned just inside out,
So then go and quit your sighing,
On the wings of faith go flying,
For it's just a great deal better than to pout.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF LIFE.

WHAT an awful struggle
  Is the battle field of life;
What a battle with the devil,
  And with self, and appetite;

With such fiery passions burning
  I am sure no tongue can tell
Of the fight to keep from turning
  To the path that leads to hell.

How the demons round you gather,
  How they point to paths of sin,
How they even use the weather
  Just to start a fellow in.

"'Tis so cold you need a bracer,"
  Or, "so hot you need a beer,"
Or, "Your sorrow'll turn you gray sir,"
  "Just take one to keep good cheer."

Then the dazzle and the glitter,
  And the ball-room's dizzy whirl—
Just your time away to fritter—
  And become a worthless churl.

Or, some charming form, or beauty,
  Finds her way into your heart,
Calls you from the path of duty
  And gives you a downward start.

Or your friends will become traitors
And will coldly turn you down,
Those you love will be your haters
And will meet you with a frown.

Or, misfortune will assail you
And will crush you down to earth,
Or, perhaps your health will fail you,
And your life be shorn of mirth.

Or, your brightest hopes be shattered
While you strive to do your best,
And you see your loved ones scattered
And your heart can find no rest.

Or, your best beloved will leave you
'Though you do the best you can.
And will e'en delight to grieve you—
Smiling on some other man.

Or with wealth and fame you're pampered
'Till you almost lose your head,
Or by poverty you're hampered
'Till you wish that you were dead.

All of these things may assail you
While you're marching in life's van,
But the Lord will never fail you—
Trust in Him—and be a man!

TEMPERANCE IMPRESSIONS.

JOHN P. ST. JOHN, who dared to stand,
For principle, and home and right,
Spoke of the blight upon our land
And how each one should boldly fight

To overthrow the giant king
Who, in our land Goliath-like,
A challenge to each man doth fling—
O who will dare the blow to strike?

Shall we like Israel fearful stand
And let this enemy o'erthrow
And spoil the glory of our land—
Or shall we rise and strike the blow?

Where is the David of today
E'en 'though he be a ruddy youth,
Who in the thickest of the fray
Will strike the blow and win for truth?

Oh! That the time may quickly come—
Not when our men will cease to pray—
But when they pray "destroy the rum"
Will also dare to vote that way.

TEMPERANCE.

I HAVE been in a few states,
Been where life has been at stake,
And where trials and temptations were not few;
I have made many mistakes,
Errors I cannot relate,
But I've never been a drunkard that is true.

I have tasted of the wine,
And although but a few times
I am sorry that I did it o'er and o'er,
I have tipped the dreaded cup,
Of its contents took a sup—
But—no—never, will I drink it any more!

There are many who do give
Every day that they do live,
All their wages to the rum shop day by day,
And then who in deep disgust,
In their sadness and distrust
Into crime and to dishonor stray away.

Then teach temp'rance from your heart,
And then you may joy impart,
To some one who in deep sorrow now does roam,
You may happiness impart
To some poor saddened heart,
And thus bring God's choicest blessings to some home.

THANKSGIVING.

ACCEPT my thanks dear Lord to Thee
For all Thy goodness unto me:
I thank Thee for the cold and heat,
For clothing and for food to eat;

I thank Thee for the day and night,
For taste, and hearing, smell and sight,
I thank Thee Lord for every sense,
And for Thy presence and defence.

I thank Thee for sunshine and rain,
And for the joy that's with the pain,
I thank Thee Lord for every friend,
And for all blessings Thou dost send.

TEMPTATION.

STAY! Thou so fair of face and form—
  Thou tempter in disguise!
How many lives are now forlorn—
  How many weeping eyes
And broken hearts along your wake—
  More loving were than wise?

Stay thou from me! let not thy dart
  E'er through my liver pierce,
Or crush me with a broken heart,
  Or drown my eyes with tears,
Or sink my soul to dark despair
  Through all the future years.

I, who have met the devil and
  His demons face to face,
Should I for fickle woman fall
  And go down to disgrace?
'Though I should live alone and die
  With no one there to weep,

And none should ever groan, or sigh,
  Because in death I sleep;
'Twere better so, and then have rest,
  (If thus it is to be),
Than die with shame upon my name
    For all eternity.

THE JOY OF SALVATION.

The soul that doth on Jesus rest
Will surely be most fully blest,
Nor deepest depth, nor highest height
Could ever give such pure delight,
Nor sweeter bliss without alloy,
For Jesus giveth perfect joy.

And even in life's battles' strife
The soul that hath eternal life
Will find life's battles quickly won
Through Jesus Christ, God's only son;
For He is Captain of God's host—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Will help in every fight to win
And save that soul from every sin.
Then glory in the highest sing!
And unto Him thanksgiving bring;
Let heaven and earth forever ring
With praises to our Lord and King,

For 'twas through His unfathomed love
That He came down from heaven above,
And gave Himself upon the cross
To save our souls, destroy our dross,
To save us from all sin and strife,
And give to us eternal life.

THE PREACHER AND HIS HORSE.

'TWAS in Dakota, on the east
Of Black Hills mountains high,
The preacher had a "gentle" horse
He could not praise too high.

The "Circuit" was a large one, too,
A hundred miles and more
The preacher with his faithful horse
Would scale the hill-tops o'er.

This faithful horse a "broncho" was,
And like most of his kind,
Had learned in youth some comic tricks
Which had not slipped his mind.

It was a cold and frosty day,
A crust was on the snow,
When fifteen miles to church that day
The preacher had to go.

He thought the wheels would run too hard,
The cart would be too slow
To make a trip that time so far,
Because of frozen snow.

So on the horse the preacher got
A horse-back ride to take,
And started off on a brisk trot
The preaching place to make.

The snow was drifted in the road,
The crust each step would break,
The horse grew weary and so slow
It made the preacher late;

For when they reached the preaching place
The people all had gone,
And now the preacher must retrace
Those fifteen miles back home.

The preacher walked and led the way
To give his horse a rest,
The horse seemed weary on the way
And so he thought 'twas best.

He rode and walked, and walked and rode,
Till two miles off from home,
He thought he'd ride to his abode,
For nine at night had come.

The rein hung on the saddle horn,
The horse so quiet stood,
His head was down, and so forlorn
He looked, as well he could.

The preacher stood beside his horse
In clumsy winter clothes,
And pitied his poor tired horse—
But thought he'd ride—of course.

One foot into the stirrup went,
One hand upon the horn,
And on the horse the preacher went—
The rein he seemed to scorn.

But all at once the horse forgot
He weary was at all,
He did not start off on a trot—
But bounded like a ball!

The horse went up—the preacher too—
'Though higher quite a bit,
Out of the saddle quite he flew—
In it he could not sit.

The rein he had no time to get
For he was on the go,
Three times he did the saddle hit—
The fourth he hit the snow.

And as there in the snow he lay
The horse looked calmly on,
Just as if he would like to say:
"Why didn't you stay on?"

A lesson to the preacher came,
And one which he could use—
For those who horse-like do the same
Their Master's will refuse.

How often we the Master's care
Accept with thoughtless greed,
And when life's burdens we should bear
"Buck" like the preacher's steed.

Shame! Shame! when we so willful are,
His will refuse to do,
Let us as men and women bear
The cross, and e'er be true.

THE WEARY WAITING TIME.

O, WHAT weary, weary waiting
For a day to dawn more bright;
O, for surcease from heart-aching,
When the gloom gives way to light.

When the heart-aches, tears and sighing
And life's sorrows all have flown,
When there will be no more crying,
Where such things shall not be known.

Hasten! hasten! glorious morning,
When all wrongs shall be made right,
When the crape and clothes of mourning
Shall be changed for garments white.

When all sadness and all sorrow
Will be banished from the heart,
When there'll be no more "tomorrow,"
And true friends shall never part.

There, where death, forever vanquished,
Never dread nor heart-aches bring,
And the dirge is ever banished
From the choir where angels sing;

And that choir's ever chanting
"Songs of Moses and the Lamb,"
And their music souls enchanting
As before God's throne they stand.

Then with God and loved ones basking
In the joys of heav'n above,
We shall have—beyond our asking—
Bliss eternal, truest love.

GOD KNOWS.

HE knows the heartaches and the tears,
And all the sadness of the years;
And while the end I cannot tell
I KNOW He doeth all things well.

The winter winds, the chilling blast,
As they go moaning, howling past,
May with their icy hands and breath
Destroy some fatal germs of death;

And so the bitter pain and loss
May us refine—destroy our dross—
And while we can not see the goal—
God knows—and cares for every soul.

WHOSE "will" do I? Why, just my own;
For since the Savior's love I've known
My will the more like His has grown.
So, ever Lord—whate'er Thy will—
I'll trust Thy Word and serve Thee still.

L OF C

AUTOGRAPHS.

HOW many friends within this book
Have written words on which you look;
They've wished you well, kind words have
said—
Where are those friends? are some not dead?

But there are those around you still
Whose hearts with joy you yet may fill,
And by your influence for right
May save their souls from endless night.

DO not trust the winds to drive you
As life's sea you're sailing through,
Do not suffer waves to drift you
In life's little frail canoe.

Grasp the oars which lie beside you
One is works, the other faith,
And whatever may betide you
Trust in God's unchanging grace.

Only drift-wood that is going
Idly down stream toward the beach,
Then be always faithful—rowing
Up stream—till the heights you reach.

WHILE many miles do intervene
Between your home and here,
With "Bad Lands" rough, and mountain scenes,
And friendships true and dear;

And when within your dear old home
Your thoughts do backwards turn,
For those old hills and friends so dear
Your heart will often burn.

But hills and vales, and friendships here
Are only yours for time;
Then seek a home and Friend more dear—
Heaven—and Christ divine.

Note.—This was written for a friend who was visiting in the Black Hills from Indiana.

You are sailing on the sea of life,
You are both a mother and a wife;
Your responsibilities are grave,
For you have souls which you yet may save—
By living a true and christian life—
And being a good mother, and wife.

MISS MAMIE: On this bright spring day
In this book I now do write,
May your life like a glad spring day
With friends and joys be ever bright.

May it with roses ever bloom,
And fragrance give to all around,
Your sunshine drive away the gloom
And brighten life for all around.
—April, 1905.

YOU'RE starting in life's pathway—
It may be short—or long,
You may find much of weeping,
You may find much of song;

The goal is yet before you,
The race is just begun.
And if to Christ you give your heart
The first great vict'ry is won.

JULY 14, 1905.

As in your album I now write
I wish you joy, and peace, and love,
May your life as this day be bright—
Eternal life be yours above.

MAY you in life successful be
May nothing you annoy,
May you have peace and harmony—
Your lives be filled with joy.

And may you each so faithful be—
And so each other love—
That you will live eternally
With God in heaven above.

PEOPLE and things you chance to meet
May sometimes much annoy you,
But just be good and keep real sweet—
Whoever heard, or saw you—

The retrospect will never be
A thing that need annoy you.
Note.—The first was written for a newly married couple, the second for a young lady.

WHATEVER the sorrow or pain
The Lord hath been with me each day,
And always in sunshine or rain,
His presence illumines the way.

BIBLE PRESENTATIONS

LET this Book be your guide in life
'Twill shield you from the bitter strife
To which the world is heir;
'Twill guide you in the way of right,
In paths of peace, and love and light
And make you heaven's heir.

I, as your friend, and pastor, too,
Most gladly give this book to you;
Accept it please, may it be, too,
The very Book of books to you.
Please read your Bible much, I know
It is a precious book to read;

Take it with you where'er you go
And ever its true precepts heed.
'Twill place you in the Savior's care
'Twill give you joy, and peace and love;
'Twill save you from the tempter's snare
And guide you home to heaven above.

TO you this Book I freely give,
I hope it you will freely read;
It is the rule by which to live,
So let it be your rule indeed
May it forever truly be
A light unto thy path to thee—
A lamp before thy feet to thee—
To guide you to eternity.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Dear Brother:—

AS in your home I often live,
  My gratitude I wish to show—
And a small token I will give—
  'Tis no great gift I will bestow.

Each week my gift will come to you
  From now until your next birthday;
Its messages will speak to you
  And help you on in life's pathway.

Accept it please as it is given—
  As from your pastor and true friend—
On this your birthday forty-seven;
  May God to you great blessings send.

May many years success and peace
  Be yours, with health and joy replete;
And when your life on earth shall cease
  May heaven's joys be yours complete.

ANOTHER year has passed away
  With all its joys and care,
And as you walk in life's pathway
  I would just say Beware!

You stand today just at the door
Of womanhood, Alas!
Temptations may upon you pour—
Be careful as you pass.

The right is best for one and all—
No matter when or where—
Just do the right—heed duty's call—
And trust the Savior's care.

"Why Not," this book I give to you
On your fifteenth birthday—
Just heed its message—and be true,
And walk life's bright pathway.

Then all through life whate'er may come,
Health, sickness, joy or pain,
And your life's pilgrimage is done
You'll have eternal gain.

MAKE your life be like a snow-flake,
Or a gentle drop of rain,
Which reflects each little sun-ray,
Makes a mark, but not a stain.

FRIENDS may come and friends may go
Some prove false and some prove true,
But where ever you may go
Christ will be a friend to you.

Then while others you pass by—
Or while others pass by you—
Keep your own ideals high,
And to every friend be true.

YOU'RE starting out in the new year
Husband and wife together,
You may go forth without a fear
Life's harvest's sheaves to gather;

But time will bring the falling tear,
As winter stormy weather,
And each should help make life's sky clear
And pray to God together;

For tears and storms will soon be past,
The sun shine bright above you,
For He can make life's sunshine last—
And save, for He doth love you.

TWO INVITATIONS.

'TIS a wondrous invitation,
Lo, it comes in early youth;
'Tis the herald of salvation,
'Tis the blessed Word of Truth;

Will you hear it? Will you heed it?
Or will you now turn away,
While you know that you do need it—
Will you say "no, not today?"

There! Behold an invitation—
'Tis a ball—or else a play—
There's deception for the nation—
And for it you have to pay.

But you think of worldly pleasure,
As you quickly read the date—
And you go—but at your leisure—
Rue it, when it is too late.

Will this be the invitation
You accept, or will you say:
"I'll accept my soul's salvation"
I will do it—now—today?

WHICH WAY SHALL I GO.

SHALL I go on in paths of sin
On down to shame and crime,
Or shall I rise to live with Him
The life that is divine?

The life of sin small pleasures give—
Shame, grief and fears annoy—
While they who with the Lord do live
Shall have supremest joy.

Who walk in sin in darkness grope,
In danger and dismay;
Who walk with Christ have peace, and hope,
And light and life each day.

The wages of all sin is death—
With pain, remorse, and strife;
But Christ gives peace to life's last breath,
Then gives eternal life.

Then let us walk the way of life,
With Jesus ever near,
And we shall have eternal life,
And peace and joy while here.

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